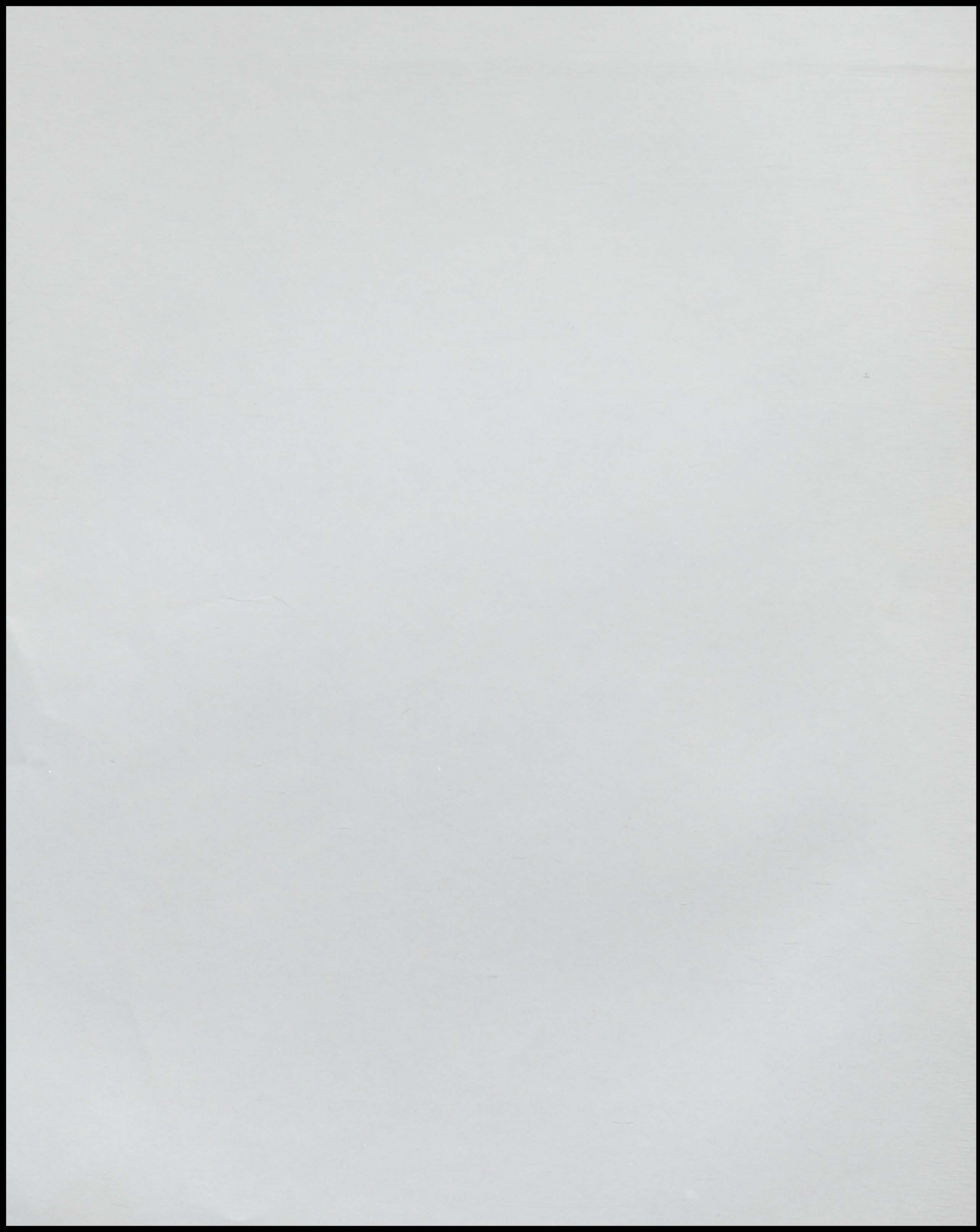


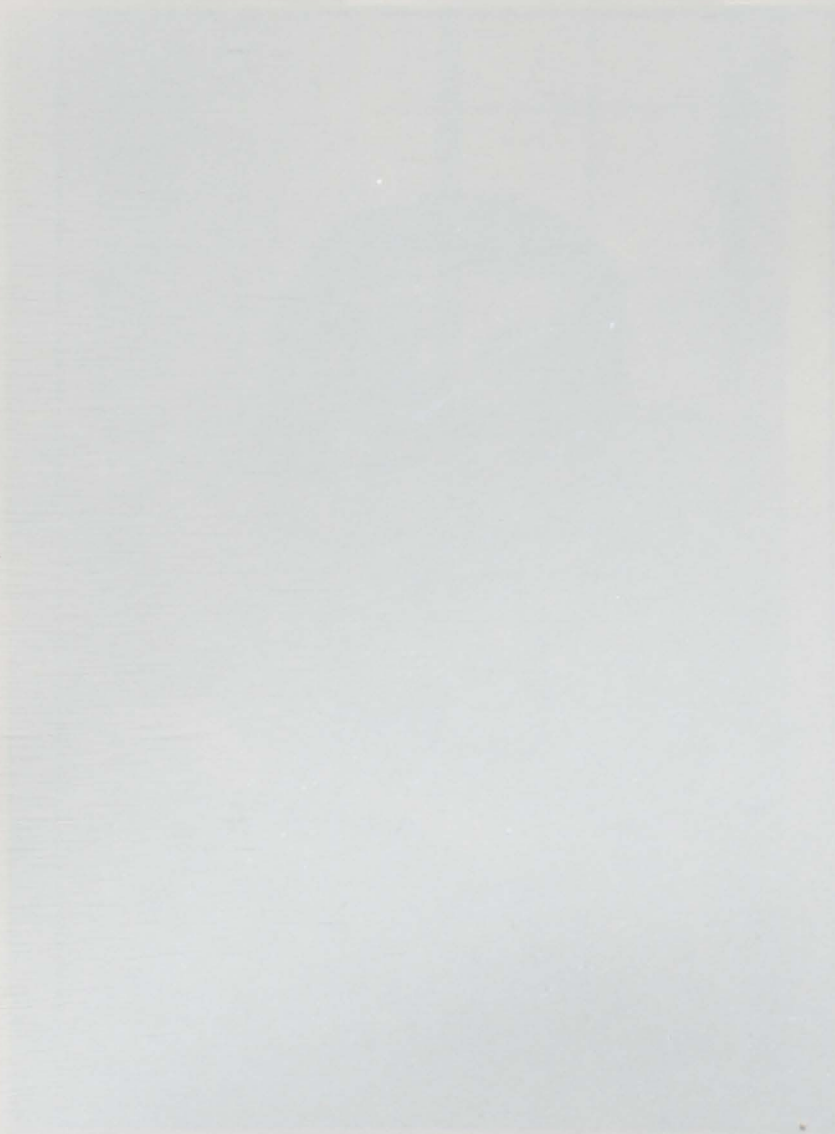
THE SHIELD  
1936



ANNIE WRIGHT SEMINARY  
TACOMA, WASHINGTON

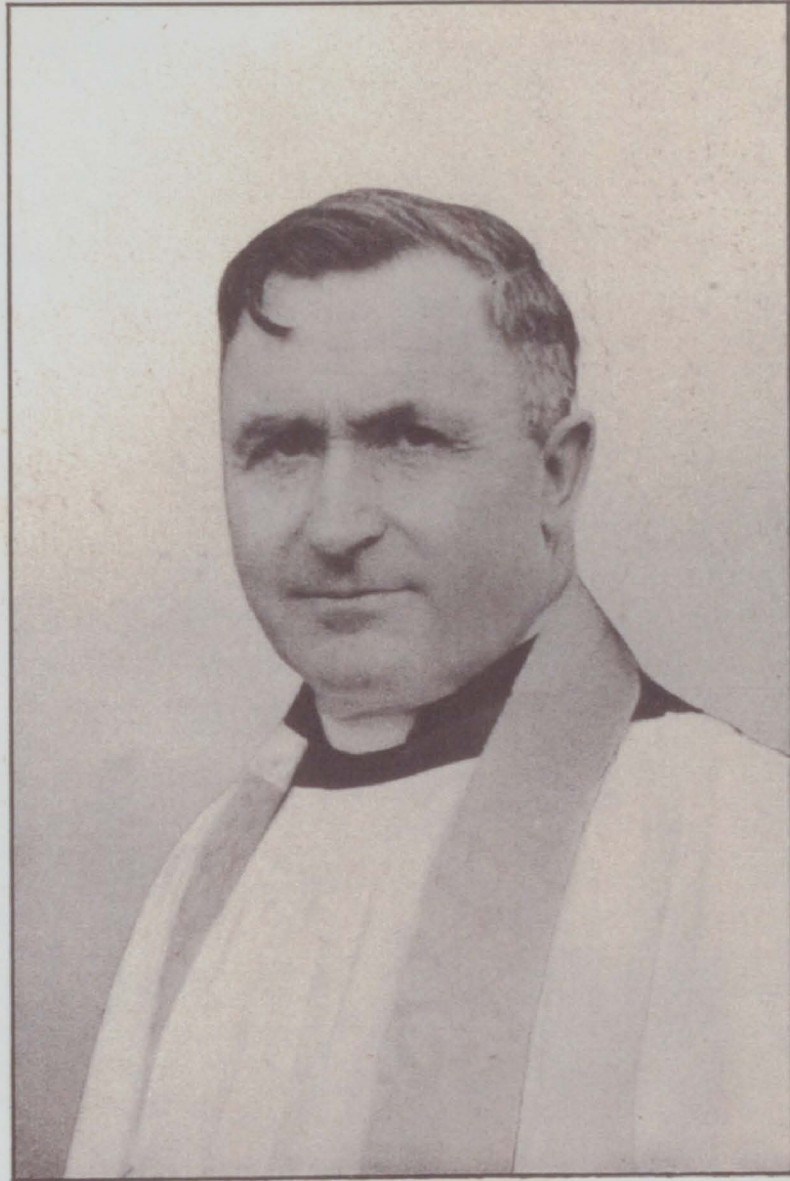






ENCLOSURE

Enclosed for the attention of the  
proper authorities are the  
following documents:  
1. A copy of the report of the  
Committee on the  
Administration of the  
Department of the Interior  
for the year 1900.



DEDICATION - - -

To Mr. Bell, who with his kindly smile and irresistible humor has warmed our hearts, and whose words will ever remain with us to guide our thoughts and love, we dedicate THE SHIELD of 1936.





Achievement is measured more by the ability to assume responsibility than by academic standing.

May you go fearlessly "From Strength to Strength."

With affectionate greetings to all Seminary girls.

SALLIE EGERTON WILSON.





Left to Right: Betty Garrett, Elizabeth Merrick, Emily Pitchford, Margaret Kelly, Marie Templeton, Faculty Adviser; Jane Bourne, Editor; Tishelle Hirshberg.

## THE STAFF OF THE SHIELD AND THE CREST

Editor	Jane Bourne	News-Society	Elizabeth Merrick
Business Manager	Dorothy Stewart	Current Events	Margaret Kelly
Literary Editors	Betty Garrett	Alumnae News	Edith Ann Fogg
	Tishelle Hirshberg	Lower School	Ann Weyerhaeuser
Art-Humor	Emily Pitchford	Faculty Adviser	Marie Woodworth Templeton



## STUDENT COUNCIL

Standing: Elaine Tubbs, Winifred Lucey, Patricia Crane, Sally Fisher. Sitting: Barbara Bathrick, Jane Bourne, Barbara Bishop, Audrey Gay, Anna Fry, Alice Ohlson, Martha Turner, Sue Fisher, Secretary; Tishelle Hirshberg, President.





## SENIORS

1936

### ELIZABETH ALLEN

*Tacoma, Washington*

Entered in the third grade. Choir. Will study music at home.



### BARBARA BISHOP

*Aberdeen, Washington*

Entered in her junior year. President of the Senior Sorority. President of the Raynor Guild, '35. Plans to enter Scripps College.

### JANE BOURNE

*Portland, Oregon*

Entered in the sixth grade. Eighth grade scholarship cup. President of the Senior Class. Editor-in-chief of "The Crest" and "The Shield." Choir. Crucifer. Freshman Trustee Scholar, Mills College.



### JOHNNIE BRUCE

*Sandpoint, Idaho*

Entered in her freshman year. President of the Ski Club. Choir. Plans to enter the University of Idaho.

### GERTRUDE CHESS

*Vancouver, British Columbia*

Entered this year. Plans to attend the University of Washington.



### RUTH CLARK

*Portland, Oregon*

Entered in 1934. Choir. Will enter Holmby Junior College, Los Angeles.

### ANNE COWELL

*Missoula, Montana*

Entered in her Sophomore year. President of the Junior Class. Crucifer. Will attend the University of Montana. President of the Raynor Guild, '34.



### BURDETTE CRAIG

*Longview, Washington*

Entered in her junior year. Secretary-Treasurer of the Senior Class. Our lovely May Queen. Plans to enter Stanford.



### JEANNE EVANS

*Tacoma, Washington*

Entered in 1934. Plans to attend the University of Washington.





## SENIORS

1936

### EDITH ANN FOGG

*Tacoma, Washington*

Entered in the first grade. Vice-President of the Junior Class. Head of Alumnae Department "The Crest" and "The Shield." Will attend the Finch School in New York City.



### KATHERINE FOVARGUE

*Aberdeen, Washington*

Entered for a few months in the sixth grade and again in her junior year. Corridor Councillor, '34. Choir. Flag-bearer. Will attend Mount Vernon Seminary, Washington, D. C.

### ANNA FRY

*Prosser, Washington*

Entered in her sophomore year. President of the Missionary Society, '34-'36. Crucifer. Will attend Mills College.



### BETTY GARRETT

*Seattle, Washington*

Entered in her freshman year. Secretary of the Student Council. Maid of Honor. Gold Team Captain. Literary Editor of "The Crest" and "The Shield." Choir. Will attend the Neighborhood Playhouse, New York City.

### AUDREY GAY

*Seattle, Washington*

Entered in her junior year. Secretary of the Missionary Society. Choir. Will study music.



### JANE HARMANY

*Tacoma, Washington*

Entered in the first grade. Will enter Stevens College, Columbia, Missouri.

### TISHELLE HIRSHBERG

*Choteau, Montana*

Entered in her freshman year. President of the Student Council. Literary Editor of "The Crest" and "The Shield." Will attend the University of Washington.



### MARGARET KELLY

*Tacoma, Washington*

Entered in the first grade. Vice-President of the Senior Class. Current Events Editor of "The Crest" and "The Shield." Plans to enter the University of Washington.



### DOROTHY LAGASA

*Tacoma, Washington*

Entered in the second grade. Vice-President of the Sorority. Blue Team Captain. Tennis Champion. Plans to attend the University of Washington.





## SENIORS

1936

### ELIZABETH MERRICK

*Portland, Oregon*

Entered in her senior year. News and Society Editor of "The Crest" and "The Shield." Plans to enter Scripps College.



### DOROTHY MUELLER

*Tacoma, Washington*

Entered in the first grade. Plans to attend the University of Washington.

### FRANCES OAKLEY

*Tacoma, Washington*

Entered in her junior year.



### EMILY PITCHFORD

*Aberdeen, Washington*

Entered in her junior year. Secretary of the Sorority. Art Editor of "The Crest" and "The Shield." Will enter the University of Washington.

### MAY SANFORD

*Tacoma, Washington*

Entered in 1934. Crucifer.



### YVONNE SHEPHERD

*Asbland, Oregon*

Entered in her senior year.

### DOROTHY STEWART

*Boise, Idaho*

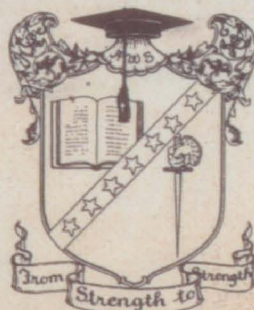
Entered in her junior year. Business Manager of "The Crest" and "The Shield." Choir. Will enter the University of Washington.



### ELAINE TUBBS

*Adams, Oregon*

Entered in her junior year. President of the Athletic Association. Holder of the Key. Will enter the University of Washington.







## THE RISE OF THE STAR OF 1936

In recalling the past of this year's Senior Class represented by the star, we have uncovered many things. Our star started on its course in the first grade, the first year that the new building was occupied. Although the pioneers have not been together for all twelve years at the Seminary, four of our members began school together in the first grade, Margaret Kelly, Jane Harmany, Dorothy Mueller, and Edith Ann Fogg. In the second grade Dorothy LaGasa joined the group, and Elizabeth Allen entered the ranks in the third grade. A clear memory of our third and fourth years recalls autograph books we gained for good citizenship. We remember well how the required three stars would not appear on the blackboard for some people, and how the much coveted little books eluded our grasps till Commencement Day itself. We cannot forget our reciting "Hiawatha" when we still wore blue uniforms. Our numbers were enlarged in the sixth grade by Jane Bourne and Katherine Fovargue. Jane has remained with us through all these years. The year of our eighth grade was a very busy one. At Christmas time we were carollers in the Christmas play. We gave a dance that year also, the first and last of eighth grade dances. We held it in the recreation room, the music being furnished by a piano, but we had a fine time and counted it a great success. For our play we presented "The Princess and the Swineherd." How Mrs. Hiatt struggled to keep us in order long enough to produce it! At the end of the year our graduation from the Lower School was all important. On that eventful day Dorothy

LaGasa was awarded the high-point athletic cup and Jane Bourne, the scholarship cup.

In 1933, our Freshman year, Betty Garrett, Tishelle Hirshberg, and Johnnie Bruce joined us. Some of us were elated to win positions on the Gold or Blue team in various sports. That year we won the class song contest. We were so fond of the song, indeed, that we still sing it. Some of us served at the Prom, attired in sailor suits and stationed behind punch bowls and at the door. It was a thrill as well as an honor. The most vivid memory that most of us hold of the Freshman-Sophomore Hop that year is the accordion in the orchestra. Through all these things we were guided by our president, Lois Button.

The next year our rapidly growing class was increased by Anna Fry, May Sanford, and Anne Cowell. Jane Bourne was president, and under her guidance we won the stunt banner with a group of song and dance numbers. Athletic honors in diving were won by Jane Bourne, and in tennis doubles by Dorothy LaGasa with her sister. The crowning glory was the Hop. The gymnasium was resplendent as a circus tent, and we even had invitations in the form of tents. You should have seen the orchestra, immersed in sawdust and paper caps.

Barbara Bishop, Elaine Tubbs, Audrey Gay, Emily Pitchford, Ruth Clark, Jeanne Evans, Frances Oakley, Burdette Craig, and Dorothy Stewart joined us last year. With their help we again won the stunt banner. By this time we had graduated from the Hop age, and our attentions





were turned to the annual Junior Frolic which we gave for the Upper School, and to the Prom which the Juniors always give in honor of the Senior Class. The Frolic was an immense success from the point of view of the guests. The Prom motif was the star, and it was very appropriately carried out in the Great Hall. At Christmas time several of our number were in the annual Christmas play, and all of us joined Miss Wilson in her cottage for a Junior party. When May Day came, we started the custom of the Junior class's parading around the dining room at breakfast singing "It Ain't Going to Rain No More," and indeed a charm this custom has proven itself to be these last two May Days. Yes, we were up and stirring at the traditional hour of five o'clock to decorate the Queen's throne. Betty Garrett was Maid of Honor, the sole junior attendant to the Queen. We must not forget the class breakfast at the Tacoma Hotel, and what fun the Bishop was. That year athletic honors were won in tennis by Dorothy LaGasa. The class teams were victorious in volleyball and were second to the Seniors in basketball. We were guests at the Junior-Senior banquet at the Country Club and had a marvelous time, even during a few uncomfortable moments.

This last fall we were joined by Gertrude Chess, Elizabeth Merrick, Yvonne Shepherd, and Maya Vanderspek, who left us at mid year. We fell heirs to the Sorority this year. Our initiation was most impressive, although questionably solemn. From this initiation soon evolved Friday evening gatherings and a Sorority dance with the football motif, which was given shortly before Thanksgiving. And then there's the spade—there are beautiful blue and white ribbons on it now; we found it in a piano exactly a week after it was hidden. We attended the Junior Frolic and were guests at the Prom, two very pleasant evenings

with the Juniors as hostesses. Early in the fall, we offered a treasure hunt as our class stunt. Soon came the Christmas play, with our class again well represented both in the cast and in the dancing. Several of our girls have been outstanding in their dancing all their years here at the Seminary. Five are members of the Dance Club. At Christmas time again this year, we were invited to a party in Miss Wilson's cottage, after which we went through the halls at midnight singing carols. Our May Day was a grand success. Burdette Craig, our very fair Queen, ruled over us graciously and charmingly. The rest of the class, in dainty net dresses and large picture hats, formed her court. At the Athletic Association Banquet, Elaine Tubbs, president of the Association, presided. Along came the Junior-Senior Banquet at which we were hostesses to the Juniors, and the formal and informal Sorority initiation. We were then engulfed in final examinations. The star, however, rose above the storm to shine brightly on the Senior play—"Twelfth Night." Then came Baccalaureate Sunday with its address to the Seniors. Class Day soon followed with the class prophecy, history, and farewell. On this day we planted our class tree, a California redwood. That night we made our last will and testament and later burned our star on the Athletic Field while we sang our songs and were in turn answered by the others, grouped on the hill above us. After this ceremony we serenaded the Juniors outside their windows. Commencement brought the star of 1936 to its zenith, and indeed its officers, Jane Bourne, Margaret Kelly, and Burdette Craig, led the class of twenty-six members to fulfill its motto—

"Stella non Sulcus"

"Be the Comet

not the Tail."





Back Row: Elizabeth Ann Hewitt, Lorna Studebaker, Phyllis Anne Dickman, Elizabeth Post, Jean Anderson, Margaret Dolge. Middle Row: Sarah Hopkins, Betty June Howe, Jane Bell, Frances Force, Elizabeth Goode, Jane Thomas. Front Row: Dorothy Parker, Janet Robbins, Mary Cowell, Lucy Strange, Alice Ohlson, President; Barbara Bathrick, Sue Fisher.

## THE CLASS OF 1937

The Junior Clipper took off in 1933 and expects to land in 1937. The pilots for the three years were Helen Lou Sick, Sarah Hopkins, and Alice Ohlson. The supervisors of the flight for the third lap of our journey are Madame Van Houte, Miss Egley, and Miss Eagleson. This ship was noted for its few passengers until this year when with a Herculean jump, eleven new travelers came aboard.

Our pride when we were freshmen was to serve at the Junior Prom and to look forward to the time when we ourselves would be juniors. Behold, the time is here! In the second year of our trip the outstanding social event was the Freshman-Sophomore Hop.

During the third year of our course many important landmarks have been passed and duly cele-

brated. There was the Turkey Trot, our stunt night, which we enjoyed before leaving for the Thanksgiving holidays. We arranged our Frolic for February 22, and in honor of the day the gymnasium was decorated in red, white, and blue. One of the main features was the United States flag made of balloons. The Promenade was our most exciting event. For that evening the ship stopped at a tropical garden pervaded by an atmosphere of real charm. The traditional honor of a junior's being chosen Maid of Honor to the May Queen was this year bestowed upon Mary Cowell.

The passengers of this Clipper ship shine in the arts, journalism, athletics, and society. May our ship continue to meet fair weather, and may all its passengers remain together until we reach port in June, '37.





Back Row: Dorothy Kahle, Mary Jean Morris, Betty Doud, Shirley Robbins, Fontelle Mitchell, Frances Young, Anne Murray, Mary Nasmyth. Middle Row: Virginia Humbird, Barbara Crites, Frances Sanborn, Nancy Morse, Judy Fraser, Lois Parker, Lois Jannsen. Front Row: Barbara Prentice, Jean Hutchinson, Muriel Macdonald, Joy Hulbert, Martha Turner, President; Joan Burmeister, Virginia Crowe, Margaret McGinnis.

## THE CLASS OF 1938

### TIME MARCHES ON!

The class of 1938 came gliding into their Sophomore year twenty-three strong, Martha Turner being president, Frances Sanborn, vice-president, Joan Burmeister, secretary-treasurer. The fall term was filled with athletics, the Sophomores winning the hockey.

### TIME MARCHES ON!

After the Christmas holidays came the party given by the Sophomores, a carnival offering all the attractions one could wish. Then there was the Frolic on February twenty-second, which we thoroughly enjoyed, being no longer "just little Freshmen."

### TIME MARCHES ON!

After Easter vacation events fairly tumbled over each other. The Sophomores supervised their

first dance, the Hop. This, much to the joy of the Sophomores, was declared a great success. Then followed Dad's Day, when we sang to our dads a song which we have been told was unusually clever. While Juniors and Seniors were enjoying their Prom, the Sophomores had their traditional celebration—an evening at the movies followed by eats and more eats!

### TIME MARCHES ON!

Field Day and May Day were ended with the thrill of the whole year, the Athletic Banquet. To our satisfaction the prizes awarded showed that the Sophomores were much in evidence. As Juniors the class of 1938 looks forward to higher victories.

### TIME MARCHES ON!





Back Row: Barbara Miles, Sally Fisher, Suzanne Ingram, Patricia Crane, President, Jean Bullen, Florene Steel. Front Row: Maryhelen Grande, Jane Ringling, Mary Spofforth, Frances Edris, Antonia Wilbur, Mildred Mellick, Mary Turrill.

## THE CLASS OF 1939

QST QST—Amateur Radio Station W7AWS sending out its annual report to all stations. We'll give the mike to the Freshmen. Take 'er away, Freshmen!

Greetings to the Annie Wright Seminary and to The Shield. The Freshman class has thirteen members—a lucky number we think, though we shall be glad to welcome all incoming Sophomores next fall. We have in our class Suzanne Ingram, our oldest member, who can look back to the days when she was a wee third grader. Two shining lights are Jean Bullen and Sally Fisher, who joined our ranks this year and who are always among those standing when the honor roll is read. They have the distinction also of being among the school's five best skiers. Then there is Mary Turrill, who entered the Upper School after winning

honors last year in citizenship and sportsmanship. Class Officers are—President, Patricia Crane; Vice-President, Barbara Miles; and Secretary-Treasurer, Florene Steel.

Of course, being only unimportant little Freshmen we have not taken leading parts in school activities.

The class as a whole participated in its first project at the Doll Bazaar. There we put up an exhibit of dolls from all parts of the United States.

We were inconspicuous after that until the Freshmen-Sophomore Hop, which we helped make a real success.

When last seen, we were serving at the Junior Prom.

73's to everyone. Be seeing you again next year, same time, same station.





#### FIFTH AND SIXTH GRADES

Back Row: Avonne Nelson, Arlene Hoveland, Frances McGinnis, Mable Ringling, Winifred Saxon. Middle Row: Barbara Lou Rogers, Jane Bronson, Barbara Sutherland, Barbara LaGasa, Marion Ingram. Front Row: Babette Kuett, Virginia Schwan, Sally Gould, Alice Ann Beal, Barbara Ohnick.



#### SEVENTH AND EIGHTH GRADES

Back Row: Esther Hild, Mary Ann Ellison, Anita Derby, Nancy Corse, Ann Weyerhaeuser, Ann Chapman, Winifred Lucey, Lila Sullivan. Front Row: Vera Fraser, Mary Elizabeth Abell, Mary Lea Griggs, Louise Wilbur, Phyllis Zopf, Nancy Longstreth.





## LITERARY EFFORTS

## AT THE ZOO

At the zoo  
In Honolulu  
The monkeys  
Boo to you.  
The lions roar  
And tricks the  
Bears do.  
Elephants eat  
Peanuts.  
Birds sing their  
Song near the huts  
At the zoo  
In Honolulu.

BARBARA OHNICK, Fifth Grade.

## THE RIVER

He loved the river. Its dignity—its silence—was all a part of him. He had been born and reared beside it, and he knew that something in the massive way in which it flowed would refuse him the freedom that other men knew. He was drawn by it and must stay there as long as his soul was in this land. Whenever his mind was troubled he would stand on the shore and gaze into its currents until the burning torture in his brain was cooled by its frowning depths.

In the autumn, before the snow fell, and when the river was very low, he could gather enough driftwood from the sands to last him throughout the long cold season. In the winter he would stand beneath a tree on the water's edge with the snow drifting softly around him, and except for the faint roar of the falls in the distance and the low gurgle of water in a whirlpool, the earth was deathly still and white.

At last when the spring came and the snow melted in the mountains, the river would be a rushing, swollen flood. And at night he would lie on his couch and listen to it roar and echo as it went over the falls a mile to the southward.

The very source of his life was a river that is praised by other men only for its commercial values; yet he was content, for the river was his very soul, flowing on and on, and stopping for nothing until it reached its goal, the sea.

PATRICIA CRANE, 1939.

## THE PORCUPINE

The porcupine is the pincushion of the animal world. He cannot shoot his quills from his tail as some people claim. You can only get them in you if you are hit with his tail or if you should bump into him. He has no quills on his stomach.

The young are in an advanced stage at birth. They have their eyes open and a full set of quills.

Hemlock is the favorite food of the porcupine. He climbs a tree and stays there for days, stripping the branches of their bark and every green twig. He craves axe handles for the salt they contain. This has made him unpopular in northern camps.

The law protects the clumsy porcky. He cannot be shot, but a man lost in the woods without a gun can catch him for food.

PHYLLIS LEA ZOPY, Eighth Grade.

## LAND OF THE SHINING MOUNTAINS

Long ago when the lands of the prairie West were still untilled, when buffalo roamed the open range, and Indians and white men lived peacefully as brothers, a small settlement sprang up in a fertile valley of the Rockies. The settlers were immigrants from many far-off countries, come to Montana for freedom and happiness—the realization of all their dreams. Toil and struggle against frigid avalanches of winter snow, scorching heat of summer sun, and every other rigor of wind and weather were but a small price to pay for a land where the brotherhood of man reigned supreme. Some of the pioneers were learned men, most were not. Yet all had absorbed the wisdom and philosophy of the plains, taught by awe-inspiring, ever whispering silence. Perhaps the majestic mountains showed them the virtue of steadfastness, and the friendly, laughing brooks made them realize a value of a handclasp or a cheery word. For these men, old and young alike, lived life bravely and faced death gallantly, never acknowledging fear or defeat. What happened when the little colony was attacked by influenza? The doctor, an old and well-loved member of the band, went his rounds as long as he was able, administering a kind word with every spoonful of bitter medicine. Then he, too, was stricken, and there was no one who could





read Latin labels in order to mix prescriptions. No one, but a lad of eighteen who knew a little Latin. And so he took the doctor's place, becoming physician, pharmacist, and distributor of medicine, on duty day and night. Time dragged along. The boy worked on, uncomplaining, tireless. Finally the crisis passed, and all was well again. The boy resumed his daily tasks unrewarded—expecting no reward. And as it was with the boy so was it with all men, and ever shall be with the few who yet remain. In them the valiant, dauntless, open-hearted spirit of all Montana will never die. I know—for the boy is my father.

TISHELLE HIRSHBERG, 1936.

## THE CASTLE TREE

Once upon a time there stood a tree  
Poised upon a slope of green,  
Braced against the winter's wind,  
I do not know what kind of tree it was—  
Perhaps it was a maple or an oak—  
To me it was the Castle Tree,  
A tree that held all the joy  
That can enchant a child's soul.  
Inside its round, encircling dome  
There was a great, magnificent palace  
Filled with spacious rooms,  
And stairways made from branches bending  
low.

This tree was far from home;  
At every chance I ran  
To clamber to its leafy towers  
And slide down its entwining vines.  
Distant horizons and far away lands  
Have ever called man's soul.  
It was the Castle Tree that stirred  
That first great longing in my heart.

ELIZABETH GOODE, 1937.

## OBIIT

For many dark hours the commander lay on his cot, breathing in the long, gasping breaths of approaching death. Nothing could ease him; nothing could sweeten the dreadful hours before sleep came; only dreams could carry his mind to lands beyond the field of battle where rifles cracked, airplanes disturbed heaven's peace, and bombs shattered earth and air. Could nothing soothe him? Could nothing relieve him?

Shyly a boy who had been standing near by stepped up to the general. Could he not go in search of a dream to bring to the commander? The wise old general smiled. Yes, he might try.

Out into the wonderland of night the small boy went. As he trod his exhausting way his heart became leadened with despair and his body heavy with weariness. Finally before him loomed the workshop of dreams, veiled but not hidden. An aged man came toward him from out of shadowy darkness to guide and help him in selecting a dream. Heroism, gallantry, pomp and grandeur, honors given and taken were all dreams shown to him. But had not his commander known all these and wearied of them? The large shadowy mass of the dream of power was shown him. Slowly he shook his head. No, the general longed to be free from the power that was his. To be a line soldier, striving once again had formed into a wish on his lips. Dreams of glittering wealth, of travel, even of friends were a reality to him. Far over in a corner the boy saw a cloudy mass of blue slowly being wrought into a dream. When he saw it he knew that it was the dream he wanted for his commander. It was the dream of a mother's love and understanding, her guiding care and dauntless encouragement. As the little boy brought the dream back and laid it at the side of the great warrior's bed, a word passed his lips that he had not uttered for many years—"Mother." As he smiled, eternal sleep rested with him.

JANE THOMAS, 1937.

## THE BEAUTIFUL LITTLE RUG

There was a very poor family that lived in Taliful, China. There were two children and a father in the family. It was Chang Po's birthday. Chang Po for about a year wanted some wool to make into a little rug, but her father said they were too poor. But her father and brother had saved up money for her to give to her for her birthday to make the rug. She was so happy she never forgot that day. She worked on her rug for about six months. It was the most beautiful rug ever made by a little girl. She sold it and received some more money to make more rugs, and finally they were poor no more.

DONNA ROGERS, Fourth Grade.





## THE ORGAN

When God gave music to the world,  
 He had a special plan;  
 For first He gave the murmur of  
 A thousand rustling leaves,  
 The pompous boom of thunder, and  
 The splash of ocean waves;  
 And then He gave the songs of birds  
 To the hungry heart of man.  
 And when men learned to imitate  
 The music God had given,  
 And He felt their hearts were full enough  
 For grander thoughts of love,  
 He sent the mighty, stirring tones  
 Of an organ from above,  
 Whose holy, radiant voice had sung  
 To Angel-choirs in Heaven.

BETTY GARRETT, 1936.

## ON ABSENT-MINDEDNESS

They tell me I am absent-minded when I park  
 the car and then forget where I have parked it,  
 but I feel that I have found my equal.

The two characters in this story are Mr. X  
 and Mr. Y. Mr. X is a man who has been mar-  
 ried a few years. Having a moderate income, he  
 can afford only one car which, unfortunately, he  
 seldom uses. His wife is usually jaunting about  
 in the car to bridge luncheons, teas, and fashion  
 shows. On this particular occasion Mr. X's wife  
 was visiting her mother for a few weeks, and  
 Mr. X had full use of the family limousine. Mr.  
 X drove to the bank to make a deposit, and by  
 the time he emerged from the bank, he had com-  
 pletely forgotten his recent means of transporta-  
 tion. He hurried three blocks to a bus line, and  
 then had to wait sixteen and a half minutes for  
 a bus. (He timed it). After a short ride, Mr. X  
 walked six blocks to his office. Arriving at the  
 office, he chanced to thrust his hand into his  
 pocket. The keys to his car! Annoyed, he punctu-  
 ated his irritation by tossing the offending keys on  
 his desk with a few relief-bringing epithets. After  
 his annoyance cooled, however, he determined not  
 to let anyone know about his absent-minded act,  
 being somewhat ashamed of himself. So Mr. X  
 again walked six blocks to the bus. Another ride;  
 another three blocks on foot. There was his car

in front of the bank. But where were the keys?  
 He could not find them. Thinking back, Mr. X  
 remembered his loss of temper—and the keys still  
 lying on his desk. What to do now was Mr. X's  
 big problem. Make the journey on that bus again,  
 he would not. What could he do? Finally Mr. X  
 telephoned to Mr. Y at his office and asked him  
 to bring him the key case that was on his desk.  
 Mr. Y did what he was asked to do, but until this  
 day Mr. Y cannot figure out how Mr. X's keys  
 were at his office when his car was over three miles  
 away.

SHIRLEY ROBBINS, 1938.

## TO THE DEEP SKY

### A REVERIE OF THE BLUE

As I lie here in the grass,  
 Watching cloud, bird, and plane,  
 I think of all the glory up there.  
 I wish often that I could go  
 Away up, soaring and gliding,  
 On and on through the open;  
 Then to my nest at eve,  
 To sing my even-song;  
 Then to rise with the sun  
 To welcome the day with a song;  
 Then to soar and fly away,  
 To sights and things beyond.

MARGARET DOLGE.

## THE SEASONS

Winter is the time that we  
 See the bareness of the tree,  
 See the black clouds in the sky,  
 And hear the northwind howling by.  
 Spring, gay Spring, is the time that we  
 See the blossoms on the tree,  
 See the white clouds floating by,  
 And twittering birds up in the sky.  
 Summer is the time that we  
 See the fruit hang on the tree,  
 See the beauty of the flowers,  
 And play for many happy hours.  
 Autumn is the time that we  
 See the red leaves on the tree,  
 The strong west wind we then can hear,  
 And we feel that winter's near.

LOUISE WILBUR, Seventh Grade.





## THE CAROL SERVICE

During the Christmas season the Seminary is filled with the warmth and cheerfulness that Christmas always brings. Our Carol Service has made this season mean more than just a sprig of holly and a candle. The service begins with the processional, "Hark, the Herald Angels Sing." Prayers are read and there is an address by the Bishop. Hymns and traditional carols are sung; the favorite perhaps is "Silent Night," sung kneeling. And so the service ends in a spirit of happy calm.



## THE JUNIOR PROMENADE

Invitations, corsages, programs were all preliminaries to the formal dance of the year, the Junior Promenade. Before the dance came the dinner at the Winthrop Hotel; then back to school, down the receiving line, and off in a whirl of rhythm. Dim lanterns, gayly colored flowers, and a huge crescent moon transformed the Great Hall into a tropical garden. The patrons and patronesses who welcomed the guests were Miss Wilson, Mrs. Jessica Bourne, Jane Bourne, Senior class president, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Dickman, Miss Atkinson, Mrs. Hiatt, Mme. Van Houte, Miss Leiter, Miss Egley, Miss Eagleson and Alice Ohlson, president of the Junior class.



## DAD'S DAY

Our invitations to Dad's Day evidently had an alluring call, for fathers thronged our halls, quite ready to forget parental responsibility and to become small boys again. How they played ball! To provide rest as well as entertainment their daughters gave a swimming and diving exhibition. The most fun came during supper. Each class sang a song composed for the occasion, to which the dads responded. Mr. Fovargue provided a surprise by presenting the Grays Harbor Chorus which he had trained to sing with true fervor! It's a great day, Dads' Day!



## MAY DAY

Of all May fetes we cannot help thinking ours the loveliest, of all May Queens ours the most beautiful. No doubt we are prejudiced, but we have reason to be, surely. Burdette Craig reigned over the day's festivities with the dignity of a true queen. The Maid of Honor, Mary Cowell, and the senior attendants were lovelier than ever before. The Queen and her court and throngs of guests were entertained by dancers of the Upper and Lower Schools. In the background yellow broom and the blue water of the Sound, and over the gay scene a smiling sun.





## RAMBLINGS THROUGH MEMORY

Can you remember 'way back when it was the first day of school? Remember how grand it was to see all your old pals again—to meet the cute new girls who sat around looking lonely and scared? But everything has changed now. We are all good friends, looking forward to Commencement and vacation. Some of us, however, have rather an empty feeling in our hearts which comes from realizing that the year is almost over and that we shall all travel on new paths away from School. But in all our journeys we shall carry with us memories of the grand and glorious fun we had at the Seminary.

Seniors, remember the Sorority dance on November sixteenth? That was great fun, even if the orchestra was terrible. With serpentine and football balloons, goal posts and spotlights the gymnasium was completely transformed.

Remember that afternoon Don Blanding, vagabond poet, spent with us? How thrilled we were over the poetry he read us and how we all rushed to get his autographs! We noticed several of his books around afterwards.

Remember Mrs. Schrottky, Girl Scout dramatics director, who talked to us one afternoon? Remember those expressive hands of hers and how she told us, "Watch your hands, or they will betray you!"

Stunt night! Ah, yes. The Seniors' treasure hunt with Lois Parker and Barbara Miles carrying off the buried gold. The Juniors' Turkey Trot—will we ever forget it? The way they made us work, thinking up skits. The Sophomores' Carnival was almost perfect. We loved the way Lois Parker "barked" for us to come to see the side shows.

Outstanding memories—the mountain trips. The first trip was the best, we think, because we were there longer. The second trip was great fun too, because then we had the Ski Club initiation. The third time most of us missed, but those who went—remember the beautiful sunburns? But all the trips were grand sport. Speaking of sports, the Blues and Golds have come through marvelously this year, with many exciting games. The hockey in the fall, those tense basketball games, the volleyball, and the swimming exhibition on Dad's Day. My, how one thing does lead to another! We'll never forget Dad's Day. The way our dads got out there and volleyballed for all they were worth, and baseball, too, even if it did rain a drop or two. The way they carried on at the dinner was fun, too—they all had the grandest time singing. We were terribly sorry to see them go.

Remember February twenty-second? Ah, yes, the Junior Frolic. Many gay couples danced to the rhythmic strains of Louis Grenier and his orchestra beneath a canopy of red, white, and blue. Mail galore came in after the dance, proving the Frolic to be a grand success. Congratulations, Juniors!

The yearly benefit bridge tea given by the Seniors on February fifteenth was a grand success. An atmosphere of gay friendliness pervaded the flower-decked Great Hall filled with busy card players.

Peeking over the balcony at the Hop, we certainly envied those Sophomores and Freshmen, having such a good time. The gymnasium didn't look like the same old place, all decorated with tulips and garden furniture.

Some of the best of the many excellent lectures and concerts we have attended this year were those of Admiral Byrd (remember those adorable penguins?); young Eugene Linden's Philharmonic concerts; Nelson Eddy (ah, me!); Trudi Schoop; Mrs. Clark Gould's excellent reviews of "Tom Sawyer" and "Huckleberry Finn"; the Globe Players' presentations of Shakespeare; and Sarah Truax Albert's dramatic reading of "Mary of Scotland." Remember how good Miss Egley and Mrs. Hiatt were in "The Doll's House," given by the Little Theater Guild?

On February sixteenth a reception was held in honor of Mrs. Herbert Hoover, who was touring the country in the interests of the Girl Scouts. She gave a very interesting little talk, and her charming personality warmed the hearts of all the girls.

Will we ever forget the Christmas Banquet—those marvelous golden brown turkeys and the singing? The Carol Service afterwards in the Chapel surpassed all our expectations. And the way the Seniors serenaded us after everything was over—the finishing touch. Seniors, remember what fun that party was we had in Miss Wilson's apartment?

When we returned after spring vacation, there in the Chapel was the new organ. Will you ever forget how thrilled we were—especially the Choir—the first time we heard its inspiring tones?

Important memory—the Junior Prom. Remember what fun we had at dinner, and later, dancing 'neath a tropical moon and waving palms. Again may we offer congratulations to the Junior class for a grand dance.

A memory to keep and cherish all our lives is that of May Day. So beautiful and gracious was our Queen Burdette that Old Sol dried his tears and smiled especially for her. Her court in their lovely net dresses and wide hats looked good enough to eat. At the Athletic Banquet that night, presided over capably by Elaine Tubbs, we were all happy and proud to see the Key awarded to Sue Fisher. The toasts and speeches at the Banquet were all excellent—we even noticed a tear or two when it was all over.

Remember our surprise when on Friday, May fifteenth, we walked the Hill Military Academy band? Wasn't it fun to have dinner with them in the cafeteria, to listen to their excellent band, and then later to dance in the gymnasium? How we hated to see those boys go!

This year, with a very capable staff, the CREST has been successfully enlarged from a quarterly paper to a monthly magazine. Clever art work, amusing humor, and fine literary and poetic contributions have all helped towards success. A great deal of fine cooperation has been shown towards the production of this annual.

The ingenuity in earning money shown by some people has been truly remarkable. Remember those corsages Betty Garret made out of May Day bouquets? A mahogany plaque, the gift of Jane Bourne and Tishelle Hirschberg, carved by Jane Thomas was presented to the class earning the most money in the shortest time. The Sophomores carried off the prize.

The girls have responded in a most gratifying way. The Staff is grateful to them all.





Left to Right: Betty Garrett, Gold Team Captain; Johnnie Bruce, Ski Club President; Dorothy LaGasa, Blue Team Captain; Elaine Tubbs, President of the Athletic Association.

## ATHLETICS

Early last fall we all returned to school full of pep, eager to begin the new year. Interest in athletics is always keen. As soon as our honorable captains, Dorothy LaGasa and Betty Garrett, were elected by the Blues and Golds, respectively, they chose new members for their teams from among the new friends we found with us. Then began team competition. What sport it was to go out on the hockey field to face our mighty opponents, the Golds or the Blues, whichever they might be. Or, if it so happened that some of us were not hockey-minded, wasn't it uplifting to cheer until we were hoarse just to show the team we were behind them, always? Yes, indeed, whatever the sport, we love to show our strong team spirit and a great respect for the opposing team as well.

Final games always bring a thrill. When the time came for the final hockey game, the Golds boasted one game and had tied with the Blues in another. Victory came finally to the Golds. In basketball the final game was won by the Golds, who triumphed only after heavy fighting.

On Dad's Day our swimming classes staged an exhibition. We had a meet to show the dads what we could do. Everyone tried to swim in her best form. We noticed especially some of our divers. One of the funniest pictures in our memories of that meet is the undressing race, when swimmers struggled frantically toward the goal, enveloped in huge, air-filled bloomers and trailing middy sleeves.

Winter sports have been hailed with great enthusiasm this year. A Ski Club was formed, of which Johnnie Bruce was elected president. Three trips to the mountain were enjoyed, and on one of them a formal initiation of all members was held. The girls all appreciate Miss Wilson's interest in forming this club and hope that it may prosper. We hope, also, to see Miss Wilson skiing with us next year. To Mrs. Griggs the members also wish to give a vote of thanks for her generous presentation of ski emblems.

The early spring brought games of volleyball and newcomb. After many close contests the Blues came out with top score. They also won the archery contest, with Elizabeth Goode as high scorer. Field Day completed the year of sports for us. The tennis singles were played off with Alice Ohlson runner-up and Dorothy LaGasa winner. These two opponents showed their friendly spirit in teaming together for tennis doubles, and lo and behold! they triumphed. We had an impressive exhibition of drill work and tumbling as an example of what corrective classes did for us. Posture was included also.

On the evening of May Day the annual Athletic Banquet was held, which we shall not forget for long years. Here's to Miss Leiter who is full of ideas! The girls made their own table decorations, and weren't they clever! The centerpiece on each table represented a sport, and a prize, coming as a surprise, was awarded the artists who designed the centerpiece representing the miniature swimming pool. The programs we found at our places will be among our cherished possessions, for in them we wrote the names of those who received awards. Let us mention a few of them. The diving cup went to Frances Young; the swimming cup to Barabara Crites; the high-point cup to Jane Bourne; the ski cup to Betty June Howe. The Shield, the team award, was captured by the Golds by a slight margin. The great moment of the evening came when Elaine Tubbs, this year's key girl, announced Sue Fisher as the girl she had chosen to be her successor. And what fun it was to have greetings telegraphed from the Seminary girls at both Stanford and Mills. It made us feel that they were all back here with us. There was another delightful surprise, too—the extra of THE CREST. "All about the Ath-a-letic Banquet!" That Third Monkey always has his say!

The excitement of it all! Our team games are over, but we still have time to join hands and voices for a last "Rah! Rah! Sports days are best."





## ALUMNAE NOTES

Our Alumnae notes begin with the class of 1929. Mrs. Charles Morgan Lane (Rocena Sutton) is living in Montreal where Mr. Lane is attending McGill University. Jean Eagleson has returned to the Seminary as a member of the faculty. Eleanor Perkins is now Mrs. Stuart Frazer and is living in Seattle, and Beth Griffith, Mrs. Charles Hunt, is living in Tacoma.

News from the graduates of 1930 tells us that Evelyn Earles is now Mrs. Kenneth Carlson and Dorothy Havens is Mrs. Ralph Smalling. There are also two other marriages in this class's roll call. Emmy Lou Watt is Mrs. Donald Moatt and is living in Port Angeles, Washington; Charlotte Hunter is Mrs. Gershom Rowland. Betye Martin has recently announced her engagement to Elbert Hall Baker, II, of Tacoma. The date of the marriage is set for this May.

Of the class of 1931 we have only a little news. Gloria Colcock was married in February, in Seattle, and Jane Vinnedge was married in March to Dr. M. A. Tennant, of Snoqualmie Falls. Virginia Plummer is attending a library school in Riverside, California. Virginia Landram is now Mrs. Robert Studebaker; and Dalphie Gibson is Mrs. John Holmes.

The class of 1932 has become widely scattered. Margaret Ann Schaeffer, after two years at Wellesley College, transferred to Stanford. Margaret Ann is a member of the Delta Gamma sorority, Cap and Gown, a senior woman's honorary society, and is president of the Woman's Council, a position considered the highest honor a Stanford woman can receive. She is one of two girls on the Pacific Coast to be chosen by a large California firm for two months' study in the East, followed by a position in the company's offices in San Francisco. Alice Guyles is also at Stanford. She is house manager at the Alpha Phi sorority house. Joining the list of those who have been recently married are Gracia Stope Hickcox, now Mrs. Douglas Davis, whose husband is a lieutenant in the army and stationed in Virginia; Marjorie Mitchell, who is Mrs. Francis Chervenka; and Elizabeth Fogg, Mrs. E. L. Schanno, who is living in The Dalles, Oregon. Marie Betchard is attending Washington State College, where she is a member of the Pi Beta Phi sorority.

Of the class of 1933 Lucille Feist is at the University of Washington, and has again been selected for a lead on the University's annual Dance Drama. Grace Brynol-

son is enrolled in Wellesley. Larrie Von Planta has an apartment in New York City, where she is studying art, and Frances Anderson has transferred from Smith College to the University of Arizona. Alyce Fraser has remained in Tacoma and is in business with her father. Elizabeth Rhodes has transferred from Stanford to a school of music in Rochester, New York. While Elizabeth was at Stanford she wrote several numbers which were accepted for the Stanford Gaieties.

Three of the members of the class of 1934 at Stanford are Charlotte Doud, Janet Brownell, and Jean Faulkner. Also in California are Mary Beckwith and Elizabeth Loudon, both at Mills College. Elizabeth attended Sweet Briar College in Virginia for a year. At the University of Washington are Lona Jean Stewart, Mabel Bennett, Patsy Hergert, and Jean Wingate. Sybil Smith is enrolled at Wellesley College.

Calling the roll of last year's graduating class we find that a large number of them are attending colleges in the South. The Stanford roster includes Peggy Allen, and Kay LaGasa, who pledged Pi Phi. At Mills are Mary Woodin and Pat Sullivan, members of the Bit and Spur riding club, Frances Dowling, and Mary Jane Stamm. Marion LaGasa, Nancy Hewitt, Jacklyn Outouse, and Barbara Bonnell are in Tacoma. Nancy is in the East, and has included among her visits one with Virginia Davis, who is attending Mount Vernon Seminary in Washington, D. C. Jackie is attending the College of Puget Sound, and Barbara the Tacoma Secretarial College. Felker Morris, a member of the Pi Beta Phi sorority, is at the University of Oregon, where she has won a number of honors. She was selected as a member of the Debate Team and was voted one of the ten most beautiful women on the campus. Peggy Lou Stebbins pledged Pi Phi at Washington State College. She is gaining athletic honors as a member of Fish Fans, an honorary swimming society, and is the secretary of the Women's Athletic Association. Mary Jane McDonald is attending Miss Brown's School in Santa Fe, New Mexico, and Cathleen Howe is attending business college in New York City. Marion Guyles transferred after Christmas vacation from Stanford to the University of Washington, where she is a member of the Delta Gamma sorority. Mae Johnson, Delta Gamma, and Jane Avery, Gamma Phi, are also at the University.







